

GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

A small bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.



To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—it costs but a few cents—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it

never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this. Adv.

No Bar There.

A customer got away from Liberty loan headquarters, reports a Toledo (O.) correspondent.

The headquarters are in the basement of the Spitzer building, where there used to be a cafe. A man came in, looked around at all the pretty girls working busily at many tables, took off his hat with an embarrassed air, and whispered to a couple of bystanders:

"Isn't there a bar here any more?" The workers were so surprised that they let the man hurry out without even selling him a Thrift stamp.

WHY WOMEN DREAD OLD AGE

Don't worry about old age. Don't worry about being in other people's way when you are getting on in years. Keep your body in good condition and you can be as hale and hearty at your old days as you were when a kid, and every one will be glad to see you.

The kidneys and bladder are the causes of senile afflictions. Keep them clean and in proper working condition. Drive the poisonous wastes from the system and avoid uric acid accumulations. Take GOLD MEDAL Haarem Oil Capsules periodically and you will find that the system will always be in perfect working order. Your spirits will be invigorated, your muscles made strong and your face have once more the look of youth and health.

New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When your first vigor has been restored continue for awhile taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of your troubles.

There is only one guaranteed brand of Haarem Oil Capsules, GOLD MEDAL. There are many fakes on the market. Be sure you get the Original GOLD MEDAL Imported Haarem Oil Capsules. They are the only reliable. For sale by all first-class druggists.—Adv.

Reciprocal.

Anna, the maid, having picked up a woolly sheep, a soldier boy, a Teddy bear, and many kindred treasures strewn about, vigorously proceeded to tidy up the apartment. Mother came home and expressed a warm approval.

Much gratified, the maid remarked with pride: "It takes me to clean up." With equal pride Della remarked: "It certainly takes me to dirty up. That gives you a lousy chance to get pruned by myver."

What a great many towns need is the nine o'clock curfew for married men.

ASTHMADOR
GUARANTEED
TO INSTANTLY RELIEVE
ASTHMA
OR MONEY REFUNDED—ASK ANY DRUGGIST

GUNNER DEPEW

By
ALBERT N. DEPEW

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Ex-Gunner and Chief Petty Officer, U.S. Navy
Member of the Foreign Legion of France
Captain Gun Turret, French Battleship Cassard
Winner of the Croix de Guerre

DEPEW FINDS HIS PAL, MURRAY, HAS BEEN MADE A VICTIM OF HUN FRIGHTFULNESS.

Synopsis.—Albert N. Depew, author of the story, tells of his service in the United States navy, during which he attained the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner. The world war starts soon after he receives his honorable discharge from the navy, and he leaves for France with a determination to enlist. He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnaught Cassard, where his marksmanship wins him high honors. Later he is transferred to the land forces and sent to the Flanders front. He gets his first experience in a front line trench at Dixmude. He goes "over the top" and gets his first German in a bayonet fight. While on runner service, Depew is caught in a Zeppelin raid and has an exciting experience. In a fierce fight with the Germans he is wounded and sent to a hospital. After recovering he is ordered back to sea duty and sails on the Cassard for the Dardanelles. There he sees the wonderful work of the British and French in the Gallipoli campaign.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

—10—

During our eighth trick off Cape Helles I was amidships in the galley when I heard our two 14-pounders go off almost at the same time. Everybody ran for his station. Going up the main deck to my turret a man told me it was a sub on the port bow, but I only caught a glimpse of the little whirlpool where her periscope submerged. I do not know why she did not let loose a torpedo at us. The officers said she was trying to make the entrance to the Dardanelles and came up blind among our ships and was scared off by our guns, but I thought we had just escaped by the skin of our teeth. Later on our destroyers claimed to have sighted her off Gaba Tepe.

At noon we were at mess when one of the boys yelled, "She's hit," and we all rushed on deck. There was the British ship, Triumph, torpedoed and listing away over to starboard. She was ready to turn over in a few minutes. One battleship is not supposed to go to the assistance of another one that has been torpedoed, because the chances are the sub is still in the neighborhood laying for the second ship with another torpedo. But one of the British trawlers went to the assistance of the Triumph to pick up the crew.

We could see the crew jumping into the water. Then we breezed out toward the horizon, full speed ahead. All about the Triumph was a cloud of black smoke, but when we looked through the glass we could see she was going down. Then our guns began to bombard the Turkish positions and I had to get busy. When I saw the Triumph again she was bottom up. She must have floated upside down for almost half an hour, then she went down as though there was somebody on the bottom pulling her.

When she went our Old Man banged his telephone on the bridge rail and swore at the Huns and Turks and broke his telescope lens to bits. About fifty from the Triumph were lost.

It was decided that the place was too hot for us with that sub running loose, and when they reported that afternoon that she was making her way south from Gaba Tepe to Cape Helles all of the fleet but the Majestic got under way, and the Majestic was the only ship left off the cape.

They said the Majestic was then the oldest of the ships in that campaign, but she was the pride of the British fleet just the same. She was torpedoed off Cape Helles later on, when there were a number of men-of-war off the cape. The sea was crowded with men swimming and drowning. I saw a lifeboat crowded with men and other men in the water hanging onto her, and there were so many hanging on that they started to pull her under. Of their own accord the men in the water let go to save those in the boat. Most of them were drowned.

The Majestic listed so that the men could not stand on deck, and the sides were covered with men hanging on to ropes and not knowing whether to jump into the sea or not. We lowered all our lifeboats and steam launches, and so did the other ships. We picked up a number of the crew and were pretty close to the Majestic when she went down like a rock. As she went down she turned over and a garby ran along her side to the ram at her bow and got on it without even being wet. A boat picked him up off the ram, which stuck out of the water after the ship had ceased to settle.

She had torpedoed nets on her sides, and many of the crew were unable to get clear of the nets and went down with her. Quite a lot were caught below decks and had no possible chance to escape. There was a big explosion as she went under—probably the boilers bursting. Thousands of troops on shore and thousands of sailors on the ships saw the final plunge, and it was a sight to remember. When the ship started to go, the Old Man rushed back to his cabin, got the signal book and destroyed it. Also, he saved the lives of two of his men.

We gave dry clothes and brandy and coffee to the Limeys we rescued, and though they had just come through something pretty tough, they were

calm and cool and started talking right away about what ship they would probably be assigned to next.

CHAPTER XII.

A Pal Crucified.

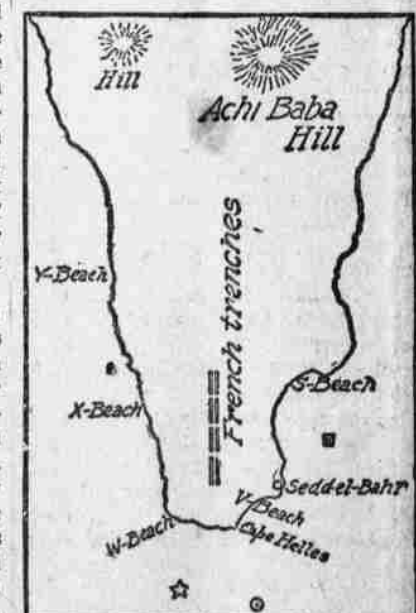
When we got to "V" Beach on my next trip the weather was really fine, but it did not please us much, for as soon as we got in range the enemy batteries opened up on us and the shell fire was heavier than any we had been in before, though not more effective. We drew in on a bright morning, about half past five or six, with our convoy, the troopship Champagne, ahead of us and going slowly, sounding all the way.

At this part of the shore there is a dock about a mile and a half long, running back into the country and terminating in a road. The Champagne was making for this dock, sounding as she went. Suddenly, when she was within 500 yards of the shore, I saw her swing around and steer in a crazy fashion. We began asking each other what was the matter with her, but we learned afterwards that her rudder had been torn off, though we never found out how, nor do I think anyone ever knew.

Then she went aground, with her stern toward the shore and listed over to port. You could see different articles rolling out and down the side. Then her back broke. The quarterdeck was crowded with men half dressed, with life belts on, jumping over the side or climbing down. There was an explosion and a cloud of black smoke broke over us, and for a while I thought I was blinded.

All the time the shells were raining in on us and on the Champagne. When I could see again I saw the men on the Champagne climbing down the starboard or shore side. One chap was going down hand over hand along a stanchion, when another fellow above him let go and slid right down on him. The first man fell about thirty feet, landing in the water with his neck doubled under him. Our lifeboats and launches were out picking up survivors.

Those who got safely over the side started to swim ashore, but when they had gone only a little way they found they could wade in. When the water was only up to their waists they came upon barbed wire entanglements and not a man got ashore that way but was scratched and clawed and man-



Where the GOLIATH was wrecked.
Where the MAJESTIC was wrecked.
Where the CASSARD engaged the WERT and the KAISERLICHE MARINE.

glad horribly. Some of them that I saw afterwards were just shredded along the sides of their bodies like coconuts. A great many of them, though, were killed by shrapnel while they were in the water.

On board the Cassard our guns had been busy all the time, and it was not long before we put one enemy battery out of commission. We had suffered a bit, too, but not enough to worry us. There were about 3,000 men on the Champagne, I think, and at least a third were killed or drowned, and the casualties must have been almost two-thirds. The ship was just a mass of wreckage.

They called for a landing party from the Cassard, and officers asked for

volunteers for trench duty. I was not very keen about going, because I had been in trenches at Dixmude, and I knew how pleasant they were—not, but I volunteered, and so did Murray. We went ashore in our boats under a heavy fire. There were 12 men killed in the lifeboat in which I was. I escaped without a scratch.

We were mustered up on shore and volunteers were called for, for sentry duty. Murray volunteered. If he had only gone on with the rest of us he might have come through. After a short wait we were given the order to advance. The firing became heavier about this time, so we went at the double. We had not got very far before we had a fine little surprise party handed us.

The front line was running over what appeared to be good, solid ground, when they broke through and fell into trenches 30 to 40 feet deep. These trenches had been dug, covered over with 1/4-inch boards and then with dirt, and were regular man-traps. Sharp stakes were sticking out of the parapet and parados, and at the bottom were more stakes and rocks and barbed wire.

We were advancing with bayonets fixed and arms at the carry, so when the first line fell, and some of the second, the boys of the third line came running up, and in the scramble that followed many of the chaps in the first few lines were bayoneted by their comrades. I was in the third line, but I was lucky enough to pull up in time and did not fall in. You could not look down into that trench after you had seen it once, it was too sickening. Our casualties were sent back to the ship. One boat was sunk by a shell and all the men lost.

We remained where we were, scratching out shallow trenches for ourselves, finding what natural cover there was and otherwise getting ready for the night, which was near. It began to rain and we could hardly keep any fires going, because we had to shelter them from the shore side, so the enemy could not spot us, and the wind was from the sea. It was certainly miserable that night.

Every once in a while we would stand by to repel an attack, whether it was a real one or not, and we were under fire all the time. It seemed as if morning would never come. The sand was full of fleas—great big boys—and they were as bad as any cooties I had ever had at Dixmude.

The morning came at last, and I was detailed with a fatigue party to the beach where we had landed stores. When we got down to the docks I missed Murray and asked where he was. They said he had been missing from his post not more than an hour from the time we left.

I left my fatigue party, without orders, and joined in the hunt for Murray. There were men searching all along the docks and on the shore to each side. Finally I saw a bunch of men collect around a storehouse at the farther end of the docks on the shore side. I ran up to them.

There was poor old Murray. They were just taking him down. He had been crucified against the wall of the storehouse. There was a bayonet through each arm, one through each foot and one through his stomach. One of the garbies fainting when he had to pull one of the bayonets out. They had hacked off his right hand at the wrist and taken his identification disc. I lay this to the German officers more than the Turks.

I do not know just what I did after this. But it changed me all around and I was not like my usual self during the rest of the time.

It was still raining when we started on our way to the front line. Along the road were numbers of troops scoffing and among them Indian troops on sentry duty. They looked like a bunch of frozen turnips, cool and uncomfortable. We were close enough to make the roar of the cannonading seem intolerably loud and could see the bursting shells, particularly those from the British ships.

Then we came across some Turkish prisoners who were sheltering in an old barn, I guess it was, and we stopped for shelter and rest. They told us that their troops were very tired from long fighting, but that they had plenty of men. They said a couple of shells had dropped about a hundred yards from the barn just before we came, so we knew the batteries were trying to get our range and we did not stay any longer, but went away from there and on our road.

About 500 yards farther on we came to ruins, and when we went inside we found 50 or 60 of our boys cooking and sleeping and not giving a thought to the shells or shrapnel. The mules outside were bawling away at the hay, as though there never had been a war in the world. There was no shell made that could budge them away from that hay unless it hit them.

Then along came a cart making a lot of racket. One of the fellows in it had half of his face shot away and was all bandaged up, but he was trying to sing and laugh just the same as the rest were doing. They were Anzacs, and were pretty badly shot up.

The word "Anzac," as you probably know, is made from the initials of the Australian and New Zealand army corps. They had a regular town, called Anzac, on the peninsula. At Suvla bay and around Gaba Tepe the Anzacs got further into the Turkish lines than any other unit in the allied armies. They were wonderful fighters.

By this time the Turks were making an attack, and all you could see to the front was one long line of smoke and spouting earth. Then our guns started and the noise was deafening. It was worse than in the turrets aboard ship during an engagement. My head rang for days after we left the Dardanelles.

The Turks were getting a better idea of our range now and the shells were falling pretty close to us, but finally we tore in with the 14-inch navals and ripped up three of their batteries. In the lull that followed we made good time and reached our front line positions at Sedd-el-Bahr during the afternoon.

The next morning we made our first attack. I had had a bad night of it, thinking about Murray, and when the



He Had Been Crucified.

time came there never was a chap more glad to charge and get a chance at the enemy with the bayonet than I was.

We attacked according to a program. Time cards were issued to the officer of each section, so that we would work exactly with the barrage. To be ahead of, or behind the time card, would mean walking into our own barrage. The time of attack is called zero—that is, the minute when you leave the trench. Some of the Anzacs said it meant when your feet got the coldest, but I do not think they suffered very much with trouble in the feet—not when they were advancing, anyway.

The time card might read something like this: First wave, zero, advance, rapid walk, barrage 25 in 10 seconds, take first trench, 0:20; second wave, same as the first, pass first trench, 0:23; take second trench, 0:35. The third wave is ordered to take the third trench, and so on, for as many lines as the enemy is entrenched. The other waves might be instructed to occupy Hill 7, 12:08, or dig in behind rock 12:45. Here, zero is understood, the first figures standing for minutes and the others for seconds. It might take several hours to carry out the program, but everything is laid out to an exact schedule.

I was in the sixth line of the third wave of attack and zero was 4:30 a. m. Whistles were to be the signal for zero and we were to walk to the first line Turkish trench. As we came out our barrage fire would be bursting 50 yards ahead of us and would lift 25 yards every 10 seconds. Our stunt was to take advantage of it without walking into it.

Depew goes over the top in an attack on the Turkish trenches and has some close calls before he gets back to his own lines. Don't miss reading about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

City Dweller and the Tin Can.

"Here is an astonishing fact," writes Harry S. Stabler in Everybody's, "which the proper authorities will verify for you:

"Thirty per cent of the business of the wholesale grocers of the entire country is in canned goods. In the wholesale houses of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other large cities, foods make up 40 per cent of the business.

"The fact is that, if you were to take the tin cans out of any city of the first or second class, the inhabitants would begin to starve almost at once. That means, of course, that those cities could not have grown so large without food conserved in tins."

HEALTH TALK

Spanish Influenza or Grip

BY DR. LEE H. SMITH.

An old enemy is with us again, and whether we fight a German or a germ, we must put up a good fight, and not be afraid. The influenza runs a very brief course when the patient is careful, and if we keep the system in good condition and throw off the poisons which tend to accumulate within our bodies, we can escape the disease. Remember these three C's—a clean mouth, a clean skin, and clean bowels. To carry off poisons from the system and keep the bowels loose, daily doses of a pleasant laxative should be taken. Such a one is made of May-apple, leaves of aloë, root of jalap, and called Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Hot lemonade should be used freely if attacked by a cold, and the patient should be put to bed after a hot mustard foot-bath.

To prevent the attack of bronchitis or pneumonia and to control the pain, Anurie tablets should be obtained at the drug store, and one given every two hours, with lemonade. The Anurie tablets were first discovered by Dr. Pierce, and, as they flush the bladder and cleanse the kidneys, they carry away much of the poisons and the uric acid.

It is important that broths, milk, buttermilk, ice-cream and simple diet be given regularly to strengthen the system and increase the vital resistance. The fever is diminished by the use of the Anurie tablets, but in addition, the forehead, arms and hands may be bathed with water (tepid) in which a tablespoonful of salaratus has been dissolved in a quart. After an attack of grip or pneumonia to build up and strengthen the system, obtain at the drug store a good iron tonic, called "Irontic" Tablets, or that well known herbal tonic, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

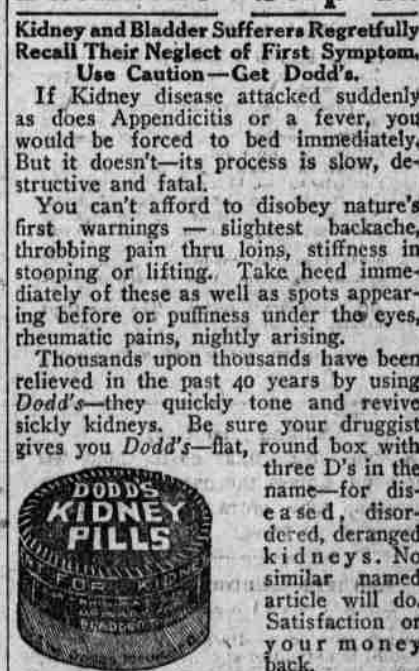
Flavor and Energy
BAKER'S COCOA
is a delicious and wholesome drink of great food value and absolute purity.

"Chocolate and cocoa add flavor and energy giving material to a diet and their use will help in many ways in the preparation of palatable, nourishing dishes from those foods of which there is an abundance."

Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free.

WALTER BAKER & CO.
Limited
DORCHESTER, MASS.
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Don't Belittle That Backache—Stop It.
Kidney and Bladder Sufferers Regretfully Recall Their Neglect of First Symptom. Use Caution—Get Dodd's.
If Kidney Disease attacked suddenly as does Appendicitis or a fever, you would be forced to bed immediately. But it doesn't—its process is slow, destructive and fatal.
You can't afford to disobey nature's first warnings—slightest backache, throbbing pain thru loins, stiffness in stooping or lifting. Take heed immediately of these as well as spots appearing before or puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains, night urination.
Thousands upon thousands have been relieved in the past 40 years by using Dodd's—they quickly tone and revive sickly kidneys. Be sure your druggist gives you Dodd's—flat, round box with three D's in the name—for diseased, disordered, deranged kidneys. No similar named article will do. Satisfaction or your money back.



Securing the Estate.
Althica, six, heard some older person talking about a will, and how valuable articles have been willed to their intended person.
Some time later she earnestly said to me:
"When I die I am going to will you my pretty hair ribbons and dresses, and when you die you will me your big doll and willow doll go-cart." After thinking a minute she exclaimed, "But you die first, won't you?"

Appropriate Exclamation.
She—Goodness gracious, the church is on fire!
He—Holy smoke!

Your Eyes
A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids.
"2 Drops" After the Movies, Motoring or Gull will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care.
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago